

Tom Thumb

Farce in two acts

By
Hane O'Hara

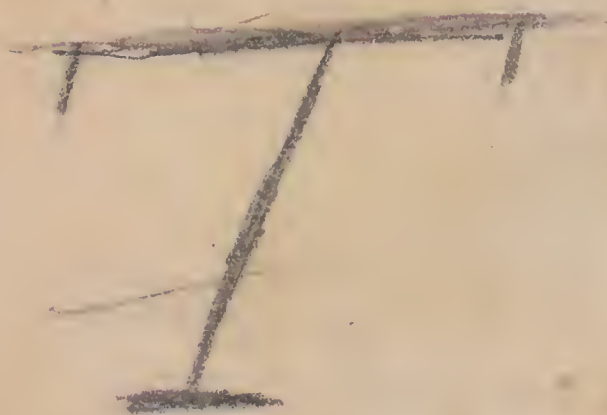
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Clear Mof.
TOM THUMB;

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY KANE O'HARA, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE
AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAY-MARKET.

MEN.

King Arthur,	Mr Dowton.
Tom Thumb,	Master West.
Merlin,	Mr Denman.
Lord Grizzle,	Mr Mathews.
Noodle,	Mr Taylor.
Doodle,	Mr Grove.
Ghost,	Mr Denman.

WOMEN.

Queen Dollallolla,	Mrs Liston.
Princess Huncamunca,	Mrs Taylor.
Glumdalca,	Miss Lreserve.
Frizaletta,	Miss Vining.
Plumante,	Mrs Kendall.

TOM THUMB.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Palace Yard.*

Enter DOODLE on one Side of the Stage, and NOODLE on the other ; after a long obeisance, they embrace.

DUET.

Doodle. Sure such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen ;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uprorious—
Nature seems to wear a universal grin.

Nood. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious ;
While both she and Huncamunca tippie, talking
tawdry,
Even Mr Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

Dood. Oh, 'tis a day,
Of jubilee, cajollery ;
A day we never saw before ;
A day of fun and drollery.

Nood. That you may say,
 Their majesties may boast of it;
 And since it never can come more,
 'Tis fit they make the most of it.

Dood. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

Nood. That you may say, &c.

Dood. Sure such a day, &c.

Nood. Courtiers so gay, &c.

Dood. Yes, Noodle, yes;—to-day the mighty
 Thumb
 Returns triumphant.—Captive giants swarm
 Like bees behind his car.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Nood. These trumpets speak the king at levee.
 I go.

Dood. And I also—to offer my petition.

Nood. Doodle, do. [Exit.]

SCENE—*Inside of the Palace.*

*The KING and QUEEN seated on a Throne.—LORD
 GRIZZLE, COURTIERs and ATTENDANTS.—
 DOODLE and NOODLE apart.*

King. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
 The man who this day frowns shall lose his head,
 That he may have no face to frown withal—
 Smile, Dollallolla! [Kisses her.]

Dood. [Kneeling.] Dread liege,
 This petition—

King. [Dashes it away.] Petition me—no peti-
 tions, sir, to-day;
 To-day it is our pleasure—to be drunk,
 And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. Is't so? why then perdition catch the
 failers,
 Let's have a row, and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR.—*Queen.*

What though I now am half seas o'er,
 I scorn to baulk this bout,
 Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
 'Fore George, I'll see them out.
 What though, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
 T' indulge in vulgar sips;
 No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
 Should pass these royal lips.
 But, sir, &c.

Chorus.—Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,
 If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

King. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were
 a quart,
 And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
 Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Nood. These martial sounds, my liege, announce
 the general.

King. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive
 him.

[*Rises from the Throne.*]

[*Martial Music.*]

Enter TOM THUMB, ATTENDANTS, and GLUMDALCA
in chains.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
 Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant-queller!
 What gratitude can thank away the debt
 Thy valour puts upon us.

[*Takes him up and embraces him.*]

Queen. Oh! ye gods!

[*Aside.*]

Tom. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough—

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. [*Bows.*

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen!

King. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess
do we owe!

Ask some reward—great as we can bestow?

Tom. I ask not kingdoms,—I can conquer those;
I ask not money,—money I've enough:

If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full,
I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King [*Aside.*] Prodigious bold request!

Queen. Be still, my soul!—

King. [*After a pause.*] It is resolved!

The princess is thy own! [*To Thumb.*

Tom. O happy Tommy! super happy Thumb;
Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
The bloody bus'ness of grim war is o'er,
And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR.—*Tom.*

As when the chimney-sweeper,
Has all the live-long day,
Through darksome paths a creeper,
Pursued his sooty way,

At night, to wash with water
His hands and face he flies;
And in his t'other tatter,
With his Brickdusta lies.

[*Exit.*—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

King. [*Looking fondly at GLUMDALCA.*] I feel a
sudden pain across my breast. [*Aside.*
Nor know I whether it proceed from love

Or the wind-cholic—but time will shew.—Hugeous
queen of hearts,

Sure thou wert form'd by all the gods in council ;
Who having made a lucky hit, beyond their journey-
work,

Cried out—" This is a woman !

Glum. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken.
We are a giantess—I tell thee, Arthur,
We yesterday were both a queen and wife ;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway ;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

Queen. Oh blest prerogative of giantism. [*Aside.*

King. Oh ! vast queen !—Think our court thine
own ;

Call for whate'er thou likest—there's nought to pay,
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

[*Takes off her chain.*

Queen. [*Aside.*] Ha ! Arthur faithless !
This gag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb' !
Revenge !—but I'll dissemble—
Madam, believe that with a woman's eye
I view your loss—take comfort—for to-morrow
Our grenadiers shall be call'd out—then choose
As many husbands as you think you'll want.

Glum. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very
humble servant. [*Exit.*

Queen. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit
was,

He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

[*Advancing to the King.*

King. Ha ! say'st thou ?

Queen. Yes, I say he sha'n't.

King. How, sha'n't !

Now by our royal self, we swear—I'll be damn'd but
he shall.

AIR.—*Queen.*

Then tremble all who weddings ever made,
 And tremble more who did this match persuade,
 For, like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
 I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

[*The King throws his hat at the Queen.*]

[*Exit QUEEN and LADIES.*]

Dood. Her majesty, the queen, is in a passion.

King. She may be damn'd. Who cares? We were indeed

A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
 To all her maudlin humours.

AIR.—*King.*

We kings, who are in our senses,
 Mock our consorts' violences;
 Fishing at their moods and tenses,
 Our own will we follow.

If the husband once gives way
 To his wife's capricious sway,
 For his breeches he next day
 May go hoop and hollow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Outside of the Palace.*

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. ————— Arthur wrongs me!
 Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
 Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
 Alas! What art thou, honour?
 A Monmouth-street laced coat, gracing to-day
 My back; to-morrow glittering on another's—
 To arms! to arms!

Enter QUEEN [in a rage.]

Queen. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!

Griz. Scold, would my queen—say, ah! wherefore?

Queen. Wherefore!

Faggots and fire—my daughter to Tom Thumb!

Griz. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.

Queen. Oh! no; prevent the match, but hurt not him—

Him!—thou!—thou kill the man

Who kill'd the giants?

Griz. Giants!—Why, madam, 'tis all flummery. He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.

Queen. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are there not

Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. Madam, shall I tell you what I'm going to say? I do not positively know, but as near as I can guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Out from my sight, base Pickthank, hie, begone!

By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb.

Griz. Yes, yes, I go; but, madam, know,

(Since your majesty's so pert)

That a flood of Tommy's blood,

To allay this storm shall spirt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE—*An Antechamber.*

The KING on a couch.

King. ————— Methought
I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!"
Glumdalca exiles sleep—and therefore, Arthur
Can sleep no more.

The Ghost of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a blue lantern on a long staff.

Ghost. Oh, Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur !
Soon shalt thou sleep enough.

King. Ah ! what art thou ?

Ghost. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

King. A ghost !—stand off !

I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.

Ghost. Oh, Arthur ! take heed.

My thread is spun—list, list, oh, list !

AIR.—*Ghost.*

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens scowling,
Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife and daughter.
Furies are growling,

With horrid groans :
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on ?

Or by a red cow,
Tom Thumb devoured ?
Hark ! the cock crowing.

[*Cock crows.*

I must be going,
I can no more.

[*Vanishes.*

King. No more ! and why no more, or why so much ?

Better quite ignorant, than half instructed.
By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us,
Therefore, fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR.—*King.*

Such a fine king as I, don't fear your threats of a rush,
Do shew your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call
up a blush,

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down,
 Do pop up your nob again,
 And egad I'll crack your crown,

Who cares for you, Mr Ghost, or all that you can do?

I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-doodle-do; [Cock crows.

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down;
 Draw your sword like a man,
 Or I'll box you for a crown.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

SCENE—HUNCAMUNCA'S *Dressing Room*.

HUNCAMUNCA at her *Toilette*—FRIZZALETTA waiting.

Hunc. Give me some music—see that it be sad. [Band plays a strain.

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?
 Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
 Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?

Friz. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. [Kneeling.] Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. This to my rank,—bold man

Griz. Ah, beauteous princess

Love levels rank,—lords down to cellar bears,
 And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.—
 Nought is for love too high, nor aught too low—
 Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. My lord, in vain, a-suitoring you come,
 For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

Griz. Play not the fool, that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to-bed of one.

Hunc. Am I thus fobb'd?—then I my words
recall.

Griz. Shall I to Doctor's Commons?

Hunc. Do so, pray————

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

AIR.—*Grizzle.*

In hurry post for a license,
In hurry ding dong I come back;
For that you sha'n't need bid me twice hence,
I'll be there, and here in a crack.

Hey ting,
My heart's on the wing,
I now could leap over the moon;
Let the chaplain
Set us grapp'ling,
And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Hunc. Ah!

Griz. Ah!

[*Exit.*

Enter TOM THUMB.

Tom. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my
princess?

Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
That light up all with love my waxen soul?

Hunc. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

Tom. Put out the light? impossible!
As well Sir Solomon might put out his rushlight.

Hunc. I am to Lord Grizzle promised.

Tom. Promised!

Hunc. Too sure, 'tis enter'd in fate's journal.

Tom. Enter'd!

Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page
—I'll burn the book.

I tell thee, princess, had I been thy help-mate,
We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.

Hunc. O fie ! I shudder at the gross idea !

Tom. Then go we to the king—let him decide,
Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.

[*Going out hand-in-hand, are met by*
GLUMDALCA.

Glum. Stop, brandy-nose ! hopest thou the wight,
Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine ?

Hunc. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.

Tom. In the balcony, which o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage !
This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
That just lets peep a little bit of gold.
Miss the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And scorns the bigger and the baser coin.

TRIO.—*Glumdalca.*

Oh ! the vixen pigmy brat,
Of inches scarce half six ;
To slight me for a chit like that,
Ah ! Mr Tom, are these your tricks ?

Hunc. Oh ! the coarse salacious trull,
Who giant paramours twice ten
To bed can pull,
With hugs can lull,
Yet still would gull
Young gentlemen.

Tom. Little though I be,
I scorn the sturdy strum ;
Nor ever she,
My dear, from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

Glum. Oh the vixen, &c.

Hunc. Oh the coarse, &c.

Tom. Little though I be, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Court of the Palace.**Enter NOODLE.*

Nood. Sure nature means t'unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again—all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.

King Arthur in love ankle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a;
The queen Dollallolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE hastily.

Griz. If this be true, all woman kind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.

[*Exit.*

Griz. Then, get out, patience! oh, I'm whirl-
wind all;

Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo! [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A Chamber in the Palace.**Enter QUEEN.*

Queen. Ah! wherefore from his Dollallolla's arms
Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone;
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves,
He knows, are harrow'd up with fears of spirits?

Enter KING.

King. We hoped the fumes, sweet queen, of last
night's punch
Had glued thy lovely eyes; but, ah! we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Long life to both your majesties,—if life
Be worth a fig—Lord Grizzle, at the head
Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace.
He swears—unless the princess straight
Be yielded up with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.

King. The devil he will!—but see the princess!

Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and
buckler?

Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

Hunc. About an hour and a half ago
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon who's who, he'll make them know.

King. Oh! oh!
Come, Dollallolla: Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—A Plain.

Enter LORD GRIZZEL, NOODLE, and REBELS.

[*A March.*]

Griz. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, tho' we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal.

[*Drums and Trumpets.*]

Enter THUMB, DOODLE, and SOLDIERS.

Tom. Art thou the man, whom men famed
Grizzle call?

Griz. Art thou the much more famed Tom Thumb
the small?

Tom. The same

Griz. The same.

Tom. His prowess now each prove.

Griz. For liberty I stand.

Tom. And I for love.

*[A battle between the two Armies.—They
fight off.]*

*Enter GLUMDALCA, and meets GRIZZLE, while
fighting with THUMB.*

Glum. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly!

Griz. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

Glum. Am I?

Have at thy heart then?

[Thrusts at, but misses him.]

Griz. Rampant queen of sluts!

Now have at thine.

[Strikes.]

Glum. *[Falling.]* You've run me through the
guts.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

[Going.]

[Is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through.]

Tom. An end of two,

Thou hast it.

[Exit.]

Griz. Oh, Tom Thumb! *[Falls.]* thy soul be-
shrew!

I die—Ambition! the fates have made their tour,
And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.—*Grizzle.*

My body is a bankrupt's shop,
My cruel creditor, grim death;

Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
And will be paid with my last breath.—
Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! [Dies.

Enter TOM THUMB and ATTENDANTS.

Tom. Bear off the carcasses ; lop off his knob,
'Twill witness to the king Tom Thumb's good job ;
Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.
[Exit.

[ATTENDANTS lay hold of GRIZZLE.]

Griz. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful
grave ?

Atten. Sir, we came to bear your body off.

Griz. Then I'll bear it off myself. [Exeunt.

SCENE—*The Presence-Chamber.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE,
PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, and ATTENDANTS.*

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free !
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas
To pay their debts.—Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us :—we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

Hunc. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding-
day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh, monstrous, dreadful, terrible ! oh !
oh !

King. What means the blockhead ?

Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror,
 Tom Thumb is no more!
 A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just
 now i' th' open street,
 Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!
 [*A general groan.*]

King. Shut, shut again the prisons:
 Let our treasurer
 Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the cul-
 prits,
 And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.
Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.
Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still
 Strength to reward the messenger of ill.

[*Queen kills Noodle.*]

Friz. My lover kill'd—
 His death I thus revenge. [*Kills the Queen.*]

Hunc. Kill my mamma!
 O base assassin! there! [*Kills Frizaletta.*]

Dood. For that, take this! [*Kills Hunca.*]

Plum. And thou take that. [*Kills Doodle.*]

King. Die, murderers vile! [*Kills Plum.*]

Ah! death makes a feast to-day,
 And but reserves ourselves for his *bon bouche*.
 So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
 Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
 Kings, queens, and knaves tip one another down,
 Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.
 Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
 And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.
 [*Stabs himself.—They all lay on the Stage dead.*]

MERLIN rises.—*Thunder and Lightning.*

Merlin. Blood, what a scene of slaughter's here!
 But I'll soon shift it, never fear.

Gallants, behold ! one touch of Merlin's magic,
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.
[*Waves his wand.*

SCENE *changes and discovers the Cow.*

First, at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return again our England's Hannibal. [Thunder.

[THUMB *is thrown out of the Cow's mouth, and starts
fiercely.*

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise ye groups of drunken sots !

Who deal out deaths, you know not why ;
No more of porter pots, or plots,
Your senseless jealousy lay by.

Your souls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night,
My power remands them.

[*The dead all start up as Merlin touches them.*

Enter GLUMDALCA and GRIZZLE.

—————Here ends jar,
Live, love, and all this will be right.

King. [*To the queen.*] One kind buss, my Dolly
queen ;

When we two last parted,
We scarce hoped to buss again ;
My heart ! lord, how it smarted !

Queen. [*To the king.*] Dear king Atty, pitty patty,
Mine too went a fleeting ;
Now we in a nipperkin
May toast this merry meeting.

Tom. [*To Hunc.*] Come my Hunky, come my
pet,
Love's in haste, don't stay him ;
Deep we are in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.

Hunc. [*To Tom.*] Have, dear Tommy,
Pity on me ;
I'm by shame restricted ;
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I must not contradict it.

Griz. [*To Glum.*] Grandest Glum, in my behoof,
To love's law be pliant ;
Me you'll find a man of proof,
Although not quite a giant.

Glum. [*To Griz.*] Indeed, Lord Griz,
Though for that phiz
Few amorous queens would choose you ;
Yet thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think I can't refuse you.

Merlin. Now love and live, and live and love.

All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't.

Merlin. Each couple prove, like hand in glove.

All. Agreed.

Queen. 'Fore George we'll make a night on't.

All. Let discord cease,¹
Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses ;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.

THE END.

